

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DYER, L. L. B.

B

CAREFULLY CORRECTED.

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C O N T E N T S.

The FLEECE. In four Books.

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BOOK I.

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George Hill

The Ruins of Rome

T H E
F L E E C E :
A
P O E M.
IN FOUR BOOKS.

Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quæ prima sit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas : nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet Velamina.

C O L U M E L L A.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE

FLEECE.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

THE subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general fit for sheep: for fine-wool'd sheep: for long-wool'd sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep: the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, and their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tugging time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of sheep-shearing. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-shearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

T H E
F L E E C E.
B O O K I.

THE care of Sheep, the labours of the Loom,
And arts of Trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye swains, and princely merchants, aid the verse.
And ye, high-trusted guardians of our Isle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge assigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all sects, be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of restless Gual
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly THOU,
The people's shepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the num'rous swains of ev'ry valè,
With well-permitted pow'r and watchful eye,
On each gay field to shed beneficence,
Celestial office! THOU protect the song.

ON spacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With grafs and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
Where smiling PHOEBUS tempers ev'ry breeze, 20
The fairest flocks rejoice: they, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarse cough
Disturb the music of the past'ral pipe:
But, crouding to the note, with silence soft
The close-wov'n carpet graze; where nature blends
Flowrets and herbage of minutest size,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

ALL arid soils, with sand, or chalky flint, 30
Or shells deluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper arise;
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
And where the-dappled deer delights to bound.

SUCH are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods,
And tow'ry villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innum'rous whiten all the land: 40
Such those slow-climbing wilds, that lead the step
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton,

Health's chearful haunt, and the selected walk
 Of HEATHCOTE's leisure: such the spacious plain
 Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
 Where solitary Stonehenge, grey with moss,
 Ruin of ages, nods: such too the leas
 And ruddy tilth, which spiry Rofs beholds, 50
 From a green hilloc, o'er her lofty elms;
 And Lemster's brooky tract, and airy Croft;
 And such Harleian Eywood's swelling turf,
 Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea:
 And Shobden, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
 Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
 And girt with all Siluria, fees around
 Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
 Pleasant Siluria, land of various views,
 Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves 60
 Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
 Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
 More airy wild than vines along the sides
 Of treacherous Falernum; or that hill

Ver. 44. Normanton, a seat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandshire.

Ver. 52. Croft, a seat of Sir Archer Croft.

Ver. 53. Eywood, of the Earl of Oxford.

Ver. 55. Shobden, of Lord Bateman.

Ver. 57. Siluria, the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, etc.

Ver. 64. Treacherous Falernum, because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

Vesuvius, where the bow'rs of Bacchus rose,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.

BUT if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian fleeces, what the finewy arm
Combs thro' the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks 70
The black'ning show'er, and fattens with the draught,
Or marl with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields
In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

YET some defect in all on earth appears; 80
All seek for help, all press for social aid.
Too cold the grassy mantle of the marl,
In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep; from broken slumber oft
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch;
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare.
Hence tender in his care, the shephrd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet distance from the upland ridge,
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank 90
Sow frequent sand, with lime and dark manure;

Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a passage to the foe.
Plough not such pastures: deep in spongy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And foundest; in new herbage coughs are heard.

NOR love too frequent shelter: such as decks
The vale of Severn, nature's garden wide,
By the blue steeps of distant Malvern wall'd, 100
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
No, prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss
Dimetians, who along their mossy dales
Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour;
While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread 110
Their dust saline upon the deep'ning grass:
And oft with labour-strengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
To intercept the small meand'ring rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that four
The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds,

Ver. 100. Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

Ver. 106. Dimetia, Caermarthenshire in South Wales.

And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd :
 Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
 And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
 The little smiling cottage warm embow'r'd; 120
 The little smiling cottage, where at eve
 He meets his rosy children at the door,
 Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
 With good brown cake and bacon slich, intent
 To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

•NoR only soil, there also must be found
 Felicity of clime, and aspect bland,
 Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.
 In vain the filken fleece on windy brows,
 And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills 130
 Is fought, though soft Iberia spreads her lap
 Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
 Biscaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
 And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
 Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embow'r'd,
 In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun
 Lybia's hot plains : what taste have they for groves
 Of palm, or yellow dust of gold? no more
 Food to the flock, than to the miser wealth,
 Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and starves. 140
 Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
 That richly decorates her loom, acquires
 Basely from Albion, by th'ensnaring bribe,

The bait of av'rice, which, with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals.

How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond desire! Those slow-descending show'rs,
Those hov'ring fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate,) are gifts the Pleiads shed, 150
Britannia's handmaids. As the bev'rage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her vallies laugh and sing.

HAIL noble Albion! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bow'rs,
The vig'rous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate : round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty :
Rich queen of mists and vapours ! These thy sons
With their cool arms compress; and twist their nerves 160
For deeds of excellence and high renown.

[BLAKES,
Thus form'd, our EDWARDS, HENRYS, CHURCHILLS,
Our LOCKES, our NEWTONS, and our MILTONS, rose.

SEE the sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen show'r,
How beautiful! How blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green, 170

What other paradise adorn but thine,
 Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
 Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
 Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
 And ports magnific add, and stately ships
 Innumerable. But whether strays my muse?
 Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand
 Arriv'd of bright Augusta: wild he roves
 From deck to deck, thro' groves immense of masts;
 'Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind; 180
 Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and domes,
 In sweet surprize; unable yet to fix
 His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
 Each object singly; with discov'ries new
 His native country studious to enrich,
 YE shepherds, if your labours hope success,
 Be first your purpose to procure a breed,
 To soil and clime adapted. Ev'ry soil
 And clime, ev'n ev'ry tree and herd, receives
 Its habitant peculiar: each to each, 190
 The Great Invisible, and each to all,
 Through earth, and seas, and air, harmonious suits.
 Tempestuous regions, Darwent's naked peaks,
 Snowden and blue Plynlymmon, and the wide

Ver. 193. Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyshire.

Ver. 194, 195. Snowdon, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

Aerial fides of Caddis-yldris huge;
 These are bestow'd on goat-horn'd sheep, of fleece
 Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble flank,
 Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
 Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,
 O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scatter'd meal. 105
 But hills of milder air, that gently rise
 O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,
 Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
 Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
 Near Cotswold downs, or the delicious groves
 Of Symmonds, honour'd through the sandy soil
 Of elmy Rofs, or Devon's myrtle vales,
 That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea;
 Regard this sort, and hence thy fire of lambs
 Select: his tawny fleece in singlets curls; 110
 Long swings his slender tail; his horn is scab'd
 With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
 Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
 That grace the columns of th' Ionian dome.

YET should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
 Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields,
 Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
 Thwarts the long course of dusty Wathing-street;

Ver. 107. Rofs, a town in Herefordshire.

Ver. 116. Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby in Warwickshire, and Lutterworth in Leicestershire.

That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
Whose fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain : 210
The ram short-limb'd, whose form compact describes
One level line along his spacious back ;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,
Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.

THUS to their kindred soil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bliss thy skilful care,
That copies nature ; who, in ev'ry change,
In each variety, with wisdom works,
And pow'rs diversify'd of air and soil, 230
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's sand, in climes alike,
With diff'rent stores supply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear ;
Small are the Russian herds, and hard their fleece :
Of light esteem Germanic, far remote
From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,
And summers bath'd in dew : on Syrian sheep
The costly burden only loads their tails : 240
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
Adorn ; but sleek of flix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
The sands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,

Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
Is grafs or herbage soft, that ever blooms
In temp'rate air, in the delicious downs 250
Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.

OF graffes are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of summer show'rs,
And swell too haftily the tender plains :
Then fnatch away thy fheep ; beware the rot ;
And with deterfive bay-falt rub their mouths ;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind diftrefs, on tedded hay ; 260
Or to the marifh guide their eafy fteps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad fea fpreads.
Sagacious care foreacts : when ftrong difeafe
Breaks in, and ftains the purple freams of health,
Hard is the ftrife of art : the coughing peft
From their green pastures fweps whole flocks away.

THAT dire diftemper fometimes may the fwain,
Though late, difcern ; when, on the lifted lid,
Or vifual orb, the turgid veins are pale ;
The fwelling liver then her putrid ftore 270
Begins to drink : ev'n yet thy fkill exert,
Nor fuffer weak difpair to fold thy arms :

Again deterfive salt apply, or shed
The hoary med'cine o'er their azid food.

IN cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the halt:
Those let the neighb'ring fold or ready crook
Detain; and pour into their cloven feet
Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
Dry allum, verdegrise, or vitriol keen. 280
But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,
'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,
And salt again: th' utility of salt
Teach thy slow swains: redundant humours cold
Are the diseases of the bleating kind.

TH' infectious scab, arising from extremes
Of want or surfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renew'd
By virtuous BERKELEY, whose benevolence 290
Explor'd its pow'rs, and easy med'cine thence
Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal blessings on his head.

SHEEP also pleurifies and dropfies know,
Driv'n oft from nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand,
Whom sacred instinct would securely lead.
But thou, more humble swain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,

From lea to croft, from mead to arid field; 300

Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.

Rain-fated pastures let them shun, and seek

Changes of herbage and salubrious flow'rs.

By their all-perfect Master iuly taught,

They best their food and physic can discern;

For HE, Supreme Existence, ever near,

Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe

With what a regular consent they crop,

At ev'ry fourth collection to the mouth,

Unfav'ry crop-flow'r; whether to awake 310

Languor of appetite with lively change,

Or timely to repel approaching ill,

Hard to determine, Thou, whom nature loves,

And with her salutary rules entrusts,

Benevolent MACKENZIE, say the cause.

This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense;

Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,

Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,

Is wisely giv'n; harmonious they perform

The work of perfect reason, (blush, vain man,) 320

And turn the wheels of nature's vast machine.

SEE that thy scrip have store of healing tax,

And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget

Ver. 315. Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worcester, now of
Drumfugh, near Edinburgh.

The sheers true-pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return :
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop; or who, at ev'ry gate
Or hillock, rub their sores and loosen'd wool.
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock, 330
Banish before the autumnal months : ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy field let joyous youth appear.

BEWARE the season of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent spirit pours;
Ev'n sheep are then intrepid : the proud ram
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field ;
All rivals keep aloof, or desp'rate war
Suddenly rages ; with impetuous force,
And fury irresistible, they dash 340
Their hardy fronlets; the wide vale resounds;
The flock amaz'd stands safe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls:
As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous tow'rs of Salem to the dust.

WISE custom, at the fifth or sixth return,
Or ere they've past the twelfth of orient morn,
Gastrates the lambkins : necessary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd. 350

But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand hath griev'd,
 In those rough months, that lift the turning year:
 Not tedious in the office; to thy aid
 Favonius hastens; soon their wounds he heals,
 And leads them skipping to the flow'rs of May;
 May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
 Like that of dreary, houseless, common fields,
 Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry;
 Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land:
 Nor in too narrow bounds the pris'ners croud: 360
 Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
 Lies on the reeking pasture; wait till all
 The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,
 Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
 With various clouds to paint the azure sky.

IN teizing fly-time, dank, or frosty days,
 With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
 Rub their soft skins, between the parted locks;
 Thus the Brigantes; 'tis not idle pains:
 Nor is that skill despis'd, which trims their tails, 370
 Ere summer heats, of filth and tagged wool.
 Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to foil
 Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
 Hurdles to weave, and chearly shelters raise,
 Thy vacant hours require: and ever learn

Ver. 369. The Brigantes, the inhabitants of Yorkshire.

Quick æther's motions : oft the scene is turn'd ;
 Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
 Hail, rain, or radiance ; these the moon will tell,
 Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe : 380
 When high the sapphire cape, supine they couch,
 And chew the cud delighted ; but, ere rain,
 Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed :
 Slight not the warning ; soon the tempest rolls,
 Scatt'ring them wide, close rushing at the heels
 Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains : forbear
 Such nights to fold ; such nights be theirs to shift
 On ridge or hillock ; or in homesteads soft,
 Or softer cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
 A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils 390
 Untractable ? Before harsh winter drowns
 The noisy dykes, and starves the rusty glebe,
 Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm :
 There let them sojourn, 'till gay Progne skims
 The thick'ning verdure, and the rising flow'rs.
 And while departing Autumn all embrowns
 The frequent-bitten fields ; while thy free hand
 Divides the tedded hay ; then be their feet
 Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
 Or some warm umbrage ; lest, in stringing fright, 400
 When the broad dazling snows descend, they run
 Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
 Wide overwhelms : anxious, the shepherd swains

Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste;
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continued feeble pulse of life;
The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger gnaw'd.

AN gentle shepherd! thine the lot to tend, 410
Of all, that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care:
But spread around thy tend'rest diligence
In flow'ry spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tott'ring with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th' innum'rous ills, that rush around his life!
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone, 420
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neigh'bour's dog, nor earth, nor sky;
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft flings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around, 430
And tires her also turning: to her aid

Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
 Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
 Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
 His hungry bleating still with tepid milk :
 In this soft office may thy children join,
 And charitable habits learn in sport :
 Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
 Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flow'rs :
 Nor yet forget him : life has rising ills : 440
 Various as æther is the past'ral care :
 Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
 The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
 By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
 With deep attention : such as NUCIUS sings
 To the full vale near Soar's enamour'd brook,
 While all is silence : sweet Hinclean swain !
 Whom rude obscurity severely clasps :
 The muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
 With purple violets and primrose flow'rs, 450
 Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.

SHEEP no extremes can bear : both heat and cold
 Spread sores cutaneous ; but, more frequent, heat :
 The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly nest,
 Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,
 In littleness and number dreadful foes.
 Long rains in miry winter cause the halt ;

Ver. 446. Soar, a river in Leicestershire.

Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
 And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,
 As sure destroys, as famine or the wolf.
 Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
 Which all extremes in ev'ry zone endures.

WITH grateful heart, ye British swains, enjoy
 Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
 Lo! in the sprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
 Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
 Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms
 Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy frosts,
 That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
 And burrows deep beneath the snowy world;
 A drear abode, from rose-diffusing hours,
 That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
 Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light
 Of foetid oil inflam'd, sea-monster's spume,
 Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
 Twice three slow gloomy months, with various ills
 Sullen he struggles; such the love of life!
 His lank and scanty herds around him press,
 As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds
 The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
 Their common sustenance. While ye, O swains,
 Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
 Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
 Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths

They scoop white turnips: little care is yours;
 Only, at morning hour, to interpose
 Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
 The watry juices of the bossy root
 Absorbing: or from noxious air to screen
 Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
 Of furze or copse-wood, in the lofty field, 490
 Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds.
 Or, if your Sheep are of Silurian breed,
 Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
 Silk'ning their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
 Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
 Of savage tears the air, where careless night
 In balmy sleep lies lulled, and only wakes
 To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
 Wild terror strides: their stubborn rocks are rent;
 Their mountains sink; their yawning caverns flame; 500
 And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
 Proud cities deluging; Pompeian tow'rs,
 And Herculanean, and what riotous stood
 In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
 'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.

SEE the swift furies, famine, plague, and war,
 In frequent thunders rage o'er neighb'ring realms,
 And spread their plains with desolation wide:
 Yet your mild homesteads, ever-blooming, smile
 Among embracing woods; and waft on high 510
 The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops

Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
 In airy azure ringlets, to the sky.
 Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,
 And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep;
 Expensive toil; how'er expedient found
 In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
 They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
 But those expensive toils are now no more,
 Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
 Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
 Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
 The shepherds kingdom: dreary solitude
 Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale
 Of Athens, which, in solemn silence, sheds
 Her venerable ruins to the dust.

THE weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
 Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
 And shift their little home's uncertain scene
 With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
 As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
 May there be heard; nor sweeter liquid lapse
 Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
 In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
 Daily they journey to the distant clefts
 Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
 The antient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
 Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
 Themselves and long posterity to serve.

There, at the public hour of sultry noon, 540
 They share the bev'rage, when to wat'ring come,
 And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
 And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
 The echoing caverns: then is absent none,
 Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
 To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats;
 In the same rustic scene, where JACOB won
 Fair RACHAEL'S bosom, when a rock's vast weight
 From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength remov'd,
 And to her circling sheep refreshment gave. 550

SUCH are the perils, such the toils of life,
 In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my muse;
 Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
 On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

NOW, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
 Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
 Of high Brigantium, where, by ruddy flames,
 Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
 The steady anvil and the glaring mass,
 Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns, 560
 Flatt'ning the steel: from their rough hands receive
 The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock
 Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
 Her silvers flow'rs; if humble daisies yield

Ver. 557. The caves of Brigantium — the forges of Sheffield in Yorkshire, where the shepherds shears and all edge-tools are made.

To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks, 570
With his white flakes, that glisten thro' the tide;
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

SHEAR them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin: 580
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
The downy vesture from their tender sides.
Press not too close; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in reg'lar rounds proceed:
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;
And careful house them, if the low'ring clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the gloom 590
Then thunder oft with pond'rous wheels rolls loud,

And breaks the crystal urns of heav'n: ~~adown~~ ^{to yellow}
 Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steep
 Of Cambrian glades, (*pity the Cambrian glades*)
 Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
 And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields;
 Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
 Bleating in vain, ~~are borne~~ ^{and} straw-built huts,
 And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
 Down with the rapid torrent to the deep. 600

At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
 Rural festivities are often heard:
 Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
 And lusty merriment: while on the grass
 The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
 We think the golden age again return'd,
 And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
 Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
 To the shrill pipe, and deep remurm'ring cords
 Of th' antient harp, or tabor's hollow sound. 610

While th'old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
 Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
 With ev'ry murmur of the sliding wave,
 And ev'ry warble of the feather'd choir;
 Music of paradise! which still is heard,
 When the heart listens; still the views appear
 Of the first happy garden, when content
 To nature's flow'ry scenes directs the sight. 620

Yet we abandon those Elyfian walks,
 Then idly for the lost delight repine: 620
 As greedy mariners, whose desp'rate sails
 Skim o'er the billows of the foaming flood,
 Fancy they see the less'ning shores retire,
 And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

COULD I recall those notes, which once the muse
 Heard at a shearing, near the woody fides
 Of blue-topp'd Wreakin. Yet the carols sweet,
 Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
 Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
 Hoar-headed DAMON, venerable swain, 630
 The footiest shepherd of the flow'ry vale.

" This is no vulgar scene: no palace roof
 " Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
 " Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
 " Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
 " Thus have expanded wide their shelt'ring arms,
 " Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet content,
 " Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

" YES, tuneful DAMON, for our cares are short,
 " Rising and falling with the chearful day," 640
 COLIN reply'd, " and pleasing weariness

" Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
 " Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
 " The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,

Ver. 627. Wreakin, a high hill in Shropshire.

“ And the diseases of intemp’rate wealth.

“ Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!

“ MAY the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,

“ May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-white lambs,

“ Which, with a pretty innocence of look,

“ Skip on the green, and race in little troops; 650

“ May that great lamp, which sinks behind the hill,

“ And streams around variety of lights,

“ Recall them erring : this is DAMON’s wish.

“ HUGE Breaden’s stony summit once I clim’d

“ After a kiddling : DAMON, what a scene!

“ What various views unnumber’d spread beneath!

“ Woods, tow’rs, vales, caves, delks, cliffs, and torrent floods;

“ And here and there, between the spiry rocks,

“ The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,

“ Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns, 660

“ Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun :

“ Yet flying from his quiet, thither crouds

“ Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,

“ Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,

“ Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,

“ Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;

“ And piping, careless, filly shepherds we;

“ We filly shepherds, all intent to feed

“ Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece.”

“ DREAM not, howe’er, our occupation mean,” 670

Ver. 654. Breaden, a high hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

DAMON reply'd, "while the SUPREME accounts
 " Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
 " With king and priest: they also shepherds are:
 " For so th' All-seeing stiles them, to remind
 " Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

" BUT haste, begin the rites: see purple eve
 " Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains
 " Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
 " SABRINA, guardian of the crystal flood,
 " Shall bless our cares, when she by moon-light clear, 686
 " Skims e'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds:
 " Or in hoar caves, around Plynlymmon's brow,
 " Where precious min'rals dart their purple gleams,
 " Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd
 " Vaga, profuse of graces, Ryddol rough,
 " Blith Ystwith, and Clevedoc swift of foot;
 " And mingles various seeds of flow'rs and herbs
 " In the divided torrents, ere they burst
 " Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain roll,
 " Nor taint-worm shall infect the yearning herds, 690
 " Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's pois'nous leaf."

HE said: with light fantastic toe, the nymphs
 Thither assembled, thither ev'ry swain;
 And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flow'rs,
 Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,

Ver. 685, 686. Vaga, Ryddol, Ystwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlymmon:

Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.

SUCH custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow, to rocky Dolvoryn,
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled 700
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
Spread on a massy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till cease the rites : and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly chear
Dispers'd in copious measure ; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind ;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes ; and some apace 710
Whistle to roundelays : their little ones
Look on delighted : while the mountain-woods,
And winding vallies, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes : near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe : the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copy banks
To listen ; and to view the joyous scene.

Ver. 699. Dolvoryn, a ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire,
on the banks of the Severn.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE

FLEECE.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the fleece: skill in the assorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common-fields: inconveniences of common fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures: yet all pastures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford level. Britain in antient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages: the revival, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our island, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this subject. Bishop Blaise, the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

FLEECE.

B O O K II.

NOW of the fever'd lock, begin the song,
With various numbers, through the simple theme
To win attention: this, ye shepherd swains,
This is a labor. Yet, O WRAY, if Thou
Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd muse, above the grassy vale,
And hills, and woods, shall, singing, soar aloft;
And He, whom learning, wisdom, candor, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his fire,
ROYSTON approve, and patronize the strain.

THRO' all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
To lordly man such ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous streams;
For him the downy vestures they resign;
For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death

His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
 Let wasted hunger, by destroying live;
 And the permission use with trembling thanks,
 Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond : 20
 And gluttons ever murder, when they kill.
 Ev'n to the reptile ev'ry cruel deed
 Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
 Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;
 All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,
 Like BRAMA's healthy sons on Indus' bank,
 Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,
 Ye are the sons of nature; your mild hands
 Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
 Come, gentle swains, the bright unsully'd locks 30
 Collect; alternate songs shall soothe your cares,
 And warbling music break from ev'ry spray.
 Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone
 Wrap round: nor alien flake, nor pitch enfold:
 Stain not your stores with base desire to add
 Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic those,
 Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield,
 Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece:
 Equal the fraud. Nor interpose delay,
 Lest busy æther through the open wool
 Debilitating pass, and ev'ry film 40

Ver. 36. Urchinfield, the country about Ross in Herefordshire.

Ruffle and fully with the valley's dust.

Guard too from moisture and the fretting moth

Pernicious : she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,

Her lab'rinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.

But in loose locks of fells she most delights,

And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep,

Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent

Allur'd; as the swift eagle to the fields

Of slaught'ring war or carnage : such apart

50

Keep for their proper use. Our ancestors

Selected such, for hospitable beds

To rest the stranger, or the gory chief,

From battle or the chase of wolves return'd.

WHEN many-colour'd ev'ning sinks behind

The purple woods and hills, and opposite

Rises, full-orb'd, the silver harvest-moon,

To light th'unwearied farmer, late afield

His scatter'd sheaves collecting; then expect

The artists, bent on speed, from pop'lous Leeds,

60

Norwich, or Froome : they traverse ev'ry plain,

And ev'ry dale, where farm or cottage smokes :

Reject them not; and let the season's price

Win thy soft treasures : let the bulky wain

Through dusty roads roll nodding; or the bark,

That silently adown the cerule stream

Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight

To copsy villages on either side,

And spiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like strong BRIAREUS, with his hundred hands.

70

IN the same fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to sort the sev'ral kinds.

But in this subtle science none exceed
Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want: their spacious domes
With boundless hospitality receive

Each nation's outcasts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd, 80
And unrejected age; ev'n childhood there

Its little fingers turning to the toil

Delighted: nimbly, with habitual speed,
They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,
And soft, and rigid, pile in sev'ral heaps.

This the dusk hatter asks; another shines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hosier seeks;

The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs;

But often it deceives the artist's care,

Breaking unuseful in the steely comb: 90

For this long spongy wool no more increase
Receives, while winter petrifies the fields:

The growth of autumn stops: and what though spring
Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on

The texture? yet in vain she strives to link

The silver twine to that of autumn's hand.
 Be' then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks
 From winter's dead'ning frosts and whelming snows:
 Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,
 While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy,
 And swell their fleeces, equal to the worth
 Of cloth'd Apulian, by soft warmth improv'd:
 Or let them inward heat and vigour find,
 By food of cole or turnep, hardy plants.
 Besides, the lock of one continued growth
 Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

100

BUT lightest wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
 Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
 Of common-field: inclose, inclose, ye swains;
 Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
 Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock,
 To mark your property? The mark dilates,
 Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
 Unfit for beauteous tint: besides, in fields
 Promiscuous held, all culture languishes;
 The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives;
 Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
 And barren furrows: none the rising grove
 There plants for late posterity, nor hedge

110

Ver. 102. The shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, used to clothe their sheep with skins, to preserve and improve their fleeces.

To shield the flock, nor copse for chearing fire ;
And, in the distant village, ev'ry hearth
Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain ;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary and nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilf'rer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingling flocks he steals ; or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,
The year's slow-rip'ning fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.

120

130

THERE are, who over-rate our spongy stores,
Who deem that nature grants no clime, but ours,
To spread upon its fields the dews of heav'n,
And feed the filky fleece ; that card, nor comb,
The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er subdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unless a thread from Britain swell the heap :
Illusion all ; though of our sun and air
Not trivial is the virtue ; nor their fruit,
Upon our snowy flocks, of small esteem :
The grain of brightest tincture none so well
Imbibes : the wealthy Gobelins must to this
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.

140

AND though, with hue of crocus or of rose,
No pow'r of subtle food, or air, or soil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
To note their influence in the tinging vase. 150
Therefore from herbage of old-pastur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marl,
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
Those fields regard not; through whose recent turf
The miry soil appears: not ev'n the streams
Of Yare, or silver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-fully'd fleece; nor what rough winds;
Keen-biting on tempestuous hills, imbrown.

YET much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees 160
Warm-shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.
Labor and art will ev'ry aim atchieve
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level, erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, smiling with her lure of summer flow'rs,
The heavy ox, vain-struggling, to ingulph;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name, 170
RUSSEL, arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,

Ver. 165. Bedford Level in Cambridgeshire.

Confin'd the waves, bid groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams:
Godlike beneficence; from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove.

BUT see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shudd'ring with fear: ev'n such perfidious wilds,
By labor won, have yielded to the comb
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis art and toil
Gives nature value; multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates: 'tis art and toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple; decks with flow'rs
And foodful pulse the fields, that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot toil,
With patient art, effect? There was a time,
When other regions were the swains delight,
And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
But of rude baskets, homely rustic geer,
Wov'n of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient culture, and, o'er sinking woods,

180

160

200

High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake,
Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er less'ning vineyards spreads the growing turf.

IN eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were most renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judea's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky fides :
Twice with the murex, crimson hue, they ting'd
The shining fleeces : hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence arose the walls of antient Tyre.

210

NEXT busy Cholchis, blest'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying PHRYXUS brought,
The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.

THIS rising Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful JASON an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold : along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the muses' haunts,
He rous'd the brave to redemand the fleece.
Attend, ye British swains, the antient song.
From ev'ry region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrious twins,

210

CASTOR and POLLUX; ORPHEUS, tuneful bard!

ZETES and CALAIS, as the wind in speed;

Strong HERCULES; and many a chief renown'd.

230

ON deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,

Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;

And soon, the laurel cord and the huge stone

Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark;

Whose keel, of wond'rous length, the skilful hand

Of ARGUS fashion'd for the proud attempt;

And in th' extended keel a lofty mast

Up-rais'd, and sails full-fswelling; to the chiefs

Unwonted objects; now first, now they learn'd

Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,

240

Led by the golden stars, as CHIRON's art

Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad

Expands the purple deep: the cloudy isles,

Scyros, and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,

And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves

Her azure head above the level brine,

Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs:

While they, her flatt'ring creeks and op'ning bow'rs

Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port

Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.

250

Next to the Mysian shore they shape their course,

But with too eager haste: in the white foam

His oar ALCIDES breaks; howe'er, not long

The chace detains; he springs upon the shore,

And, rifting from the roots a tap'ring pine,

Renews his stroke. Between the threat'ning tow'rs
Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
Of HERO'S and LEANDER'S ardent love
Fatal : then smooth Propontis' wid'ning wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills ; 260
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach ; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thund'ring floods
Cleave their bold passage : nathless by the craggs
And torrents sorely shatter'd : as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in th' intangling net
Involv'd, breaks thro', yet leaves his plumes behind.
Thus, thro' the wide waves, their slow way they force 270
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves ;
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
JASON advanc'd : the deep capacious bay, 280
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wond'ring he view'd, and stately palace-domes,

Pavilions proud of luxury: around,
In ev'ry glitt'ring hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crouds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud *ÆETES*, by the name
Sometimes of king distinguish'd, 'gan to slight 290
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
Ev'n *HYDRUS* ceas'd to watch; *MEDEA*'s songs
Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
'Till the bold heroes graspt the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, furrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by ev'ry guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of *Iolcos*' lake, 500
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Ev'ry vale,
And ev'ry hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.

THUS *Phasis* lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
Along the with'ring dales and pastures mourn'd;
The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant shunn'd
His desert borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, liberty, and affluence, all retir'd,
And left to want and servitude their seats;

Vile fucceffors, and gloomy ignorance 310
Following, like dreary night, whose fable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.

SITHENCE, the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Theffalian, bore esteem;
And thofe in Grecian colonies difpers'd,
Caria, and Doris, and Ionia's coaft,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galefus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of antient towns,
Through folitary vallies feeks the fea.

Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps 320
High-crown'd, whose woods and fnowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blaft.
Thofe too of Bætica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage blefs'd of higheft tafte,
What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
The fineft webs? where fcarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Lo! the revolving courfe of mighty time, 330
Who loftinefs abafes, tumbles down .
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majefty of antient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her fplendid ftreets,
The fnowy veft of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,

And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cotes,
Or funny meadows, cloth'd with costly care?
All in the solitude of ruin lost,
War's horrid carnage, vain ambition's dust.

340

LONG lay the mournful realms of elder fame
In gloomy defolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd:
In Adria's gulph her clotted locks she lav'd,
And rose another Venus: each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely arts,
And all the graces. Restituted trade
To ev'ry virtue lent his helping stores,
And chear'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the chearful lawn.

350

THE glossy fleeces now of prime esteem
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
The paradise of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbor stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law:
Remote dominions; nor to antient fame
Nor modern known, till public-hearted ROE,

360

Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes advent'rous trade.

ADD too the filky wool of Lybian lands,
Of Caza's bow'ry dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

NEXT proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades. 370

AND beauteous Albion, since great EDGAR chas'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of filky lustre; chief, Siluria, thine;

Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream; from sheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.

Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,

With all its thunders: or Salopian stores,
Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun: 380

High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd fwains

Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough

Preys on its carpet: he, whose rustic muse

O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd,

And sung the bosky bourns of ALFRED'S shrines,

Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.

Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,

Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length

Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
 Peculiar; envy of the neighb'ring realms?
 But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
 While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
 With bossy turnep, and luxuriant cole,
 Learns thro' the circling year their flocks to feed.

390

INGENIOUS trade, to clothe the naked world,
 Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
 From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
 Collects sagacious: in Eubœa's isle

A wond'rous rock is found, of which are wov'n
 Vests incombustible: Batavia, flax;

400

Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane;
 Soft Persia, silk; Balasor's shady hills

Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, grass;

And ev'ry sultry clime the snowy down
 Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell

To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.

With glossy hair of Tibet's shaggy goat

Are light tiara's wov'n, that wreath the head,

And airy float behind: the beavers' flix

Gives kindest warmth to weak enervate limbs,

410

When the pale blood flow rises through the veins.

Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherds' stores,

For num'rous uses known: none yield such warmth,

Ver. 399. A wondrous rock — the Asbestos.

Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure;
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

WILD rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they bear,
In fervid climes: nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:
As the sleek ram from green to green removes, 420
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the hatter's use.

EV'N in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's glades,
And Canfes', echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains. While time shakes down his sands,
And works continual change, be none secure:
Quicken your labors, brace your slack'ning nerves,
Ye Britons; nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous nature; she is elsewhere kind. 430
See Mississippi lengthen-on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds: see the sheep
Of fertile Arica, like camels form'd;
Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.

COARSE Bothnic locks are not devoid of use;

Ver. 424, 425. Apacheria and Canfes, provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of the Mississippi.

Ver. 432. These sheep are called Guanapos.

Ver. 433. Arica, a province in Peru.

They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
 Lab'ring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
 While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
 All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear;
 Nor what, from fleece Ratæan, mimic flow'rs
 Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright
 Of that material in Prætorium wov'n,
 Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.

440

IF any wool peculiar to our isle
 Is giv'n by nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
 The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake.
 Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
 This golden fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
 From the dark hand of pilf'ring avarice,
 Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
 When nature wide around him lies supine
 And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
 Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
 While the pale moon illumines the trembling tide,
 Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
 And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

450

HAPPY the patriot, who can teach the means
 To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
 Trade's open channels. Would a gen'rous aid

460

Ver. 441. Ratæan fleeces, the fleeces of Leicestershire.

Ver. 443. Prætorium, Coventry.

To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune or Coker wind their streams,
Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury arise.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides,
With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
And gulphy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs!
Then would the sister realms amid their seas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold, 470
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bless remotest climes — To this lov'd end
Awake, Benevolence; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and ev'ry thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
Who claim all nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite, 480
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use.
Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Pow'r
(The Pow'r, whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,

Ver. 462. Lune, a river in Cumberland. Coker, a river in Lancashire.

And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar; wisdom, wit, and strength;
Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man, 490
With man united, is a nation strong;
Builds tow'ry cities, satiates ev'ry want,
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high business of the public good.

For me, 'tis time to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart,
And chearful diligence: like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find 500
Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n
In life's rough race: O be it as my wish!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this, I wake the weary hours of rest;
With this desire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep: 510
Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's stream,

Cold Hudson's cloudy streights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
And China's long canals; those noble works,
Those high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, sedulous of public weal :

Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge ;

Thus also mindful, thus devising good,

At vacant seasons, oft : when ev'ning mild

520

Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts

His flock, returning to the quiet fold,

With dumb complacence : for religion, this,

To give our ev'ry comfort to distress,

And follow virtue with an humble mind ;

This pure Religion. Thus, in elder time,

The rev'rend BLASIUS wore his leisure hours,

And slumbers, broken oft : till, fill'd at length

With inspiration, after various thought,

And trials manifold, his well-known voice

530

Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,

With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb,

Shew'd how the fleece might stretch to greater length,

And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round ;

Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toils ;

And ev'ry loom receiv'd the softer yarn.

What poor, what widow, BLASIUS, did not bless,

Thy teaching hand ? thy bosom, like the morn,

Op'ning its wealth ? What nation did not seek,

Of thy new-modell'd wool, the curious webs?

540

HENCE the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly festals : through their streets
The pomp, with tuneful sounds, and order just,
Denoting labor's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn : first the rout ;
Then servient youth, and magisterial eld ;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His sway, and office in the commonweal ;
And to the board of smiling plenty's stores
Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of ev'ry clime are pil'd ; and with free hand,
Unsparing, each his appetite regales.

550

Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless ease
Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound ;
And oft they interpose improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that sometimes rise ;
Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's dawn
Rouses to labor, man to labor born.

THEN the sleek bright'ning lock, from hand to hand, 560
Renews its circling course : this feels the card ;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length ;
This, blench'd, emerges from the oily wave ;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

For it suffices not, in flow'ry vales,
Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool :

Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast;
Mexican woods, and India's bright'ning salts;
Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain
The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen allum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye observe,
In what variety the tribe of salts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, absterfivè or restringent; how
Steel casts the fable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid spirit'ous, the scarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mixt, or chang'd,
By mediums colourless: why is the fume
Of sulphur kind to and white azure hues,
Pernicious else: why no materials yield
Singly their colours, those except that shine
With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though nature's face is cloath'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the fleece,
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.

570

580

To find effects, while causes lies conceal'd,
Reason uncertain tries: howe'er, kind chance
Oft with equivalent discov'ry pays
Its wand'ring efforts: thus the German sage,
Diligent DREBET, o'er alchymic fire,
Seeking the secret source of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.

590

Tyrian MELCARTUS thus (the first who brought
Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
Of HERCULES acquir'd), when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex strike a purple stain,
The purple stain on fleecy woofs he spread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.

600

OUR vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which Trade to us conveys. Nor tints alone,
Trade to the good phyfician gives his balms;
Gives chearful cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature, rare;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
HIM, the all-wise CREATOR, and declares
His presencc, pow'r, and goodness, unconfin'd,
'Tis Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,

610

620

Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; passions swift
Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents,
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they 630
The clearest sense of Deity receive,
Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade through various climes:
Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgment of Almighty Pow'r,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
From human justice: who, astonish'd view
Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires;
The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old 640
With stately tow'rs; whose merchants, from their isles,
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy goats, their flock, and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thrifty for the double tint,
And flow'ring shuttle. While th' admiring world

Crouded her streets; ah! then the hand of pride
Sow'd imperceptible his pois'nous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes, 650
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain;
Not ev'n the dust they sink in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep:
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her antient scite; a monument to those,
Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride. 659

THE
FLEECE.

BOOK III.

H

The ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Recommendation of labor. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. County-workhouses proposed ; with a description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Burstal and Leeds ; and the cloth-market there described. Preference of the labors of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving : its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts in England. Censure of those, who would reject the persecuted and the stranger. Our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Blenheim described. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their industry, the surest source of it. Hence a wish, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seat of our manufactures : other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea ; and of France attempting, by canals, a communication between the ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and port of London.

T H E
F L E E C E.
B O O K III.

PROCEED, Arcadian muse, resume the pipe
Of Hermes, long diffus'd, tho' sweet the tone,
And to the songs of nature's choristers
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few : for ev'ry note which virtue wounds,
However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft
Has false dissembling vice to am'rous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedless youth allur'd :
Too oft, with bolder sound, inflam'd the rage 10
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and sheep-folds were the muses haunts.
So thou, the friend of ev'ry virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
Approve, O HEATHCOTE, whose benevolence

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Visits our vallies; where the pasture spreads,
And where the bramble: and would justly act
True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good, 20
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil:
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labor. This of old,
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, ev'ry rank,
To mutual occupation; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough, 30
Or bleating sheep-fold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth; that makes the fleece,
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue, 40
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,

The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glitt'ring rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires; arise, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

50

COME, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids
Receive the soft materials: with light step
Whether ye turn-around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently-less'ning thread:
Even, unknotted twine will praise your skill.

A diff'rent spinning ev'ry diff'rent web
Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact, and some the looser wreath;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque-
Need turn-around, or twine the length'ning flake.

60

THERE are, to speed their labor, who prefer
Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand
A sev'ral line: and many yet adhere
To th'antient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
At home, or in the sheep-fold, or the mart,

70

Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and the Icenian towns :
It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning, when th' Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too beauteous HELEN : no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a spiral engine form'd,
Which, on an hundred poles, an hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,
Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom.

80

NOR hence, ye nymphs, let anger cloud your brows;
The more is wrought, the more is still requir'd :
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed :
Fear not surcharge ; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the strife of trade,
These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which ever-gliding, feed the flow'ry lawn.
Nor, should the careful State, severely kind,

90

Ver. 72. The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

Ver. 81. Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

In ev'ry province, to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.

Yours, with the public good, shall ever rise, 100
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs,
The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the glist'ning fleece,
And th'am'rous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

THE am'rous youth with various hopes inflam'd,

Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds

Rich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom: 110

From some thick wood the carpenter selects

A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,

Or saplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,

The posts, and treadles; and the frame combines.

The smith, with iron screws, and plated hoops,

Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt

That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe,

And graver's knife, the hollow shuttle add.

Various professions in the work unite;

For each on each depends. Thus he acquires 120

The curious engine, work of subtle skill;

Howe'er, in vulgar use around the globe

Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' advent'rous voyager,
Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
Hears on remotest shores the murm'ring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrowing field,
The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?

NEXT, the industrious youth employs his care
To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or highway side,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
And fits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and shut, altern;
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Against the web is driv'n the noisy frame,
That o'er the level rushes, like a surge,
Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
Compacts the trav'ller's road: from hand to hand
Again, across the lines oft op'ning, glides
The thready shuttle, while the web apace
Increases, as the light of eastern skies,
Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn;
And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

OR, if the broader mantle be the task,
He chuses some companion to his toil.
From side to side, with amicable aim,

130

140

Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the op'ning mind.

150

WHAT need we name the sev'ral kinds of looms?
Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers guide
The artist's hand: he, unseen flow'rs, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
Or that, whose num'rous needles, glitt'ring bright,
Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs:
Modern invention: modern is the want.

160

NEXT, from the slacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.

OFT the wet web is steep'd and often rais'd,
Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
And finewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun
Its level surface, reeking, it expands;
Still bright'ning in each rigid discipline,
And gath'ring worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.

170

The round of work goes on, from day to day,
 Season to season. So the husbandman
 Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
 The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
 The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
 The fickle labors, and the slow team strains;
 Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

180

Th' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
 The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
 Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.

In penetrating waves of boiling vats
 The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
 Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
 Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
 Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
 Like those, that canopy the bow'rs of Stow
 After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
 Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

190

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs
 Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise;
 This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
 These shall the prince with purple robes adorn;
 And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
 Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
 Yet hence innumerable hues arise:

200

That stain alone is good, which bears unchang'd

Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
 And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
 With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
 To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
 And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
 In op'ning well the fibres of the woof,
 For the reception of the beauteous dye,
 And wedging ev'ry grain in ev'ry pore,
 Firm as the diamond in gold enchas'd.

210

BUT what the pow'rs, which lock them in the web;
 Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
 Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
 Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.

Ah! wherefor have we lost our old repute?
 And who enquires the cause, why Gallia's sons
 In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?

Yet yield not, Britons; grasp in ev'ry art
 The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
 On crouded Smyrna's and Bizantium's strand,
 The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.

220

Now see, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
 The welcome traders, gath'ring ev'ry web

Industrious, ev'ry web too few. Alas!

Successless oft their industry, when cease

The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;

Their motion stopt by wild intemperance,

Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout,

230

To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps; while misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mould'ring huts.

O WHEN, through ev'ry province, shall be rais'd
Houses of labor, seats of kind constraint,
For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent, 240
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough high-ways, and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness: the long wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable rigor shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet, Ev'n now the sons of trade, 250
Where-e'er the cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion: here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds

Ver. 252. Erect the mansion — This alludes to the work-houses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

Pure bevragē; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your MAKER praise.

BEHOLD, in Calder's vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villa's creep the shrubby hills, 260
A spacious doom for this fair purpose rise.
High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
ELISA'S image stands. By gentle steps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murm'ring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd, 270
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-afforded fleece;
These card the short, those comb the longer flake;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp, 280

Ver. 259. Calder, a river in Yorkshire, which runs below
Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks :
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
Another scene displays the more robust,
Rasping or grinding rough Brazilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web ;
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honey-comb. We next are shown
A circular machine, of new design,
In conic shape : it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needle's hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
To ev'ry member of th' harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
O'erlooks the work : the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

290

300

FROM this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil

Ver. 292. A circular machine—a most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton; but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.

Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops, appear,
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds

The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the flow-failing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of flow-pack'd steeds.

310

As when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid;

Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.

320

Thus all is here in motion, all is life:

The creaking wain brings copious store of corn:

The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads;

The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board

Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths

Come tripping on; th' echoing hills repeat

The stroke of ax and hammer; scaffolds rise,

And growing edifices; heaps of stone,

Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume

Of frize and column. Some, with even line,

330

New streets are marking in the neighb'ring fields,

And sacred dooms of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First viewed her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose redd'ning fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs, 340
For ev'ry realm, the careful factors meet,
Whisp'ring each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like war's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the founding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

W H A T E' E R is excellent in art proceeds
From labor and endurance: deep the oak 350
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies:
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue,

And tedious process of its painful works,
The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.

360

BUT chearful are the labors of the loom,
By health and ease accompany'd: they bring
Superior treasures speedier to the state,
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves
(Wretched requital!) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
Behold arising, in their fatt'ning flocks,
A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boast,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care
Nurses the silkworm; or of India's sons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' stream.
Nor do their toils and products furnish more,
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give cloathing to necessity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wand'rer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempest beats around.

370

No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
Your fem'ine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
To cast the strong flung-shuttle, or the spear.
Can ye defend your country from the storm
Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure,
In the besieged fort, with courage firm?

380

Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
Climb the tall-mast, direct the stubborn helm,
Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course?
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious persecution driv'n,
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful pow'r of tyrants? These are deeds
To which their hardy labors well prepare
The finewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion, with unyielding heart,
Your hardy labors: let the founding loom
Mix with the melody of ev'ry vale;
The loom that long-renown'd, wide-envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; she from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenice, who obtain'd the dole
From Old Ægyptus. Thus, around the globe,
The golden-footed sciences their path
Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy;
And, follow'd close by ignorance and pride,
Lead day and night o'er realms. Our day arose
When ALVA's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
With speedy wing, and scatter'd course, they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some resentless swain's rapacious hand;

390

400

410

While good ELIZA, to the fugitives
 Gave gracious welcome; as wise Ægypt erst
 To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
 With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
 Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
 Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas;
 And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
 Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
 Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare,
 And fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their seats
 Pleasant Norvicum, and Colcestria's tow'rs:
 Some to the Darent sped their happy way:
 Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Burges, chose
 Antona's chalky plains, and stretch'd their tents
 Down to the Clausentum, and that bay supine
 Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.
 Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread,
 With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
 And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd:
 Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
 Nor those, by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd
 Of ancient Ariconium: nor less pleas'd
 With Salop's various scenes; and that soft tract
 Of Cambria, deep embay'd, Dimetian land,
 By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
 Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
 The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors

420

430

440

Were fugitives from superstition's rage,
And erst from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's tow'rs,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mould'ring stone.

THUS then, on Albion's coast, the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld alighted; and, alighting, sang
Grateful thanksgiving. Yet, at times, they shift
Their habitations, when the hand of pride,
Restraint, or southern luxury, disturbs
Their industry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inspired, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only; from which state,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd those,
Whose virtues taught the varletry of towns
To useful toil to turn the pilf'ring hand.

AND still, when bigotry's black clouds arise
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms,)
They from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of superstition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm,

Which fierce pursues the suff'ers in their flight.

Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms

470

Spread ever open to receive their flight?

A virtuous people, by distresses oft

(Distresses for the sake of truth endur'd)

Corrected, dignify'd; creating good

Where-ever they inhabit: witness, all ye realms

Of either hemisphere, where commerce flows:

Th' important truth is stamp'd on ev'ry bale;

Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,

Receives th' impression, ev'ry airy woof,

480

Cheyney, and bayse, and serge, and alepine,

Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list

Of woollen webs; and ev'ry work of steel;

And that crystalline metal, blown or fus'd,

Limpid as water dropping from the clefts

Of mossy marble: not to name the aids

Their wit has giv'n the fleece: now taught to link

With flax of cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,

And gain the graces of variety:

Whether to form the matron's decent robe,

490

Or the thin-shading trail of Agra's nymphs;

Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds

Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

Ver. 491, There is woven at Manchester, for the East Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton; which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.

THEY too the many-colour'd Arras taught
To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
Of sportive fancy: such as oft appear
In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
Or that, o'ershadowed erst by Woodstock's bow'r,
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms 500
Rise glowing tapestries, that lure the eye
With MARLB'ROUGH'S wars: here Schellenbergh exults,
Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here, the rescu'd states
Crouding beneath his shield: there, Ramillies'
Important battle: next, the tenfold chain 510
Of Arlieux breast, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A shade obscures the rest---Ah, then what pow'r
Invidious from the lifted fickle snatch'd
The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
The fair delusion, that our passions rise
In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
While she assay'd with rage of holy war 520
To desolate their fields: but old their skill:

Long were the Phrygians' pict'ring looms renown'd;
Tyre also, wealthy feat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.

FAR-DISTANT Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwov'n,
And glutinous materials: the Chinese
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish boasts.
Some fair peculiar graces ev'ry realm,
And each from each a share of wealth acquires.

530

BUT chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
There will be traffic's feat; there will she build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy swains,
With hospitality inflame your breast,
And emulation: the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprising, or to teach
The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coast
Should we submit our limits, while each wind
Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main
Wooes us in ev'ry port? See Belgium build,

540

Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd pow'r;
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fishy regions. Thus our isle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.----
But whither, by the visions of the theme
Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays
The raptur'd muse, forgetful of her task?

550

No common pleasure warms the gen'rous mind,
When it beholds the labors of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a slender path, how sedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
Or Armine, ancient works; and thence explore,
Through ev'ry navigable wave, the sea,
That laps the green earth round: thro' Tyne, and Tees,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing Hull,
And Swale, and Aire whose crystal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the sober pace
Of cautious eld, meand'ring to the deep;
Through Dart, and sullen Exe, whose murm'ring wave
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The serge and kerfie to their blanching streams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's tow'rs,

560

570

And Ufk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,
Wild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain snows. 580

The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labors on pigmean steeds,
Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with their barks,
And spreads the swelling sheet. For no-where far

From some transparent river's naval course
Arise, and fall, our various hills and vales, 590
No-where far distant from the masted wharf.

We need not vex the strong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the sable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' tow'rs to th' Erythræan gulph;
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams,
Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,
That some unprofitable skiff might float 600
Across irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.

FAR easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the isle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,

By plains alone disparted, woo to join
Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union : and the light
Wood-nymphs ; and those, who o'er the grots preside, 610
Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
Long sitting at the loom ; and those besides,
Who crown, with yellow sheaves, the farmer's hopes ;
And all the genii of commercial toil :
These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And glossy web, to ev'ry port around
May lightly glide along. Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thousand floods, the burden'd barks, 620
With white sails glist'ning, through the gloomy woods
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream : in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world : the strand around
Close swarms with busy crouds of many a realm. 630
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets !
Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds.

T H E

F L E E C E.

B O O K IV.

L 2

The ARGUMENT.

Our manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the Coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of the Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern part of Afric. Trade to Persia and Indostan, precarious through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Cormandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates: hence the passage through Hudson's bay impracticable. Enquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

T H E
F L E E C E.

B O O K IV.

NOW, with our wooly treasures amply stor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the wid'ning main,
A floating forest: ev'ry sail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
Mean time, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
Steady; with eye intent upon the steel,
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot steers:
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return: while some explore
Deep Finic gulphs, and a new shore and mart,
The bold creation of that Kesar's pow'r,

Illustrious PETER! whose magnificent toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn. 20
Soon sinks away the green and level beach
Of Rumney marish, and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale moon in vapor, faintly bright.
An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer: and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundless magnitude, around them swells; 30
O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: heav'n's azure vault
Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, rising o'er the flick'ring waves, the cape
Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' advent'rous sails disperse;
These to Iberia; others to the coast 40
Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharxis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester;

Light airy cloathing for their vacant swains,
And visionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge or wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Pow'rful incentive; or Hesperian fruits,
Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.

50

THOSE ships, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules, find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd, op'ning to ~~their~~ keels:
But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Reign their ruins: Tiber's boasted flood,
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
Now creeps along, through breaks and yellow dust,
While Neptune scarce perceives its murmur'ing rill:
Such are th' effects, when virtue slacks her hand;
Wild nature back returns: along these shores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste

Ver. 54. The streights of Gibraltar.

Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,
Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre : Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the num'rous marts,
That in those glitt'ring seas with splendor rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar fite,
Remains in prosp'rous state; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the muse.

70

To these resort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, dispense; yet see, with vain regret,
Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or sought, or valued : copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd strand alluring; the great skill
Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet ah—'tis not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient mart : it is the bribe;
'Tis he, who pours into the shops of trade
That impious poison : it is he, who gains
The sacred seat of parliament by means,
That vitiate and emasculate the mind;

80

90

By sloth, by lewd intemp'rance, and a scene
Of riot, worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chinese,
And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

MEAN-TIME (while those, who dare be just, oppose 100
The various pow'rs of many-headed vice,)
Ye delegates of trade, by patience rise
O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime
Note what is found of use: the flix of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and caffee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By skilful labor, rise to high esteem.
Nor what the peasant, nor some lucid wave, 110
Pactolus, Simois, or Meander flow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time
Restore the mimic art, and the clear mein
Of patriot sages, WALSINGHAMS, and YORKES,
And CECILS, in long-lasting stone preserve!
But mimic art, and nature, are impair'd—
Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes; the world in change delights: 120
Change then your searches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabea frankincense

Rare is collected now : few altars smoke
Now in the idol fane : Panchaia views
Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast :
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy coul, majestic no more.

SEE the dark spirit of tyrannic pow'r.
The Thracian channel, long the rode of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hostile battlement : in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not : insolent of rule, he spreads
Thralldom and desolation o'er his realms.

ANOTHER path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce discovers : the Livonian gulph
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets
Swell with the webs of Leeds : the Cossac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crouds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted ; and the hardy Samoid,
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward step ; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams ;

130

140

And bord'ers of the Caspian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

150

MANY have been the ways to those renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis; to the port of wealthy Tyre;
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails;
And sacred Salem, when her num'rous fleets,
From Ezion-geber, pass'd th' Arabian gulph.

BUT later times, more fortunate, have found,
O'er ocean's open wave, a surer course,
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of GAMA and COLUMBUS. The whole globe
Is, now, of commerce, made the scene immense;
Which daring ships frequent, associated,
Like doves, or swallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

160

170

SOME, with more open course, to Indus steer;
Some coast from port to port, with various men
And manners conversant; of the angry surge,
That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,

Porpoise, or grampus, or the rav'nous shark,
That chase their keels; or threat'ning rocks, o'erhead,
Of Atlas old; beneath the threat'ning rocks,
Reckless, they furl their sails, and bart'ring take 180
Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.

THE shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
And high Bojador; Zara too displays
Unfruitful defarts; Gambia's wave in-isles
An ouzy coast, and pestilential ills
Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.

ON Guinea's sultry strand, the drap'ry light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd 190
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white iv'ry; yet the valued trade,
Along this barb'rous coast, in telling, wounds
The gen'rous heart, the sale of wretched slaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new production, that invite
Increasing navies to their crowded warfs. 200

BUT let the man, whose rough tempestuous hours
In this advent'rous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue

The gainful commerce : wickedness is blind :
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And av'rice. There are ills to come of crimes.

Hot Guinea too gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides 210
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid : howe'er, on either hand
Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous : their sable tribes,
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes : nor are lakes
Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread, 220
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders : whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast
Is seldom visited; and the rough shore
Of Cafres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
Their aged parents : what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where social trade
Is held contemptible ! Ye gliding sails, 230

From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
Of prosp'rous voyage, steer: rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind:
There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.

249

SEE, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whose hills
Ev'n yet some portion of its antient wealth
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, though unregarded now:
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide; unless their speed be stopp'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While ev'ry zephyr sleeps: then the shrouds drop:
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor

250

Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's palmy shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For POND's rich cabinet, or SLOANE's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their course, 'till this bright scene
Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-fwelling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighb'ring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round; so great the pow'r of trade!

160

170

PERSIA few ports; more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.

But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell Revenge and Famine leads
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies: oft in vain

280

The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,
He seeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's warfs
Pile up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf to flow'r,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool-resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp of woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appear not; let none deem
The fleece in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By ev'ry traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And ev'ry loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconscious of the union, act.

290

300

FEW the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;

310

Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
Of bees in summer, on a poplar's trunk,
Clust'ring innumerable; these behind
His stern reciding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whose volcano's rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Darted in air aloft; around whose feet
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,
In various prospect; Ceylon also deem'd
The antient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
Of Cormandel, where traffic grieves to see
Discord and Avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts:
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wise defence,
Against ambition's wide-destroying pride,
Madras erected, and Saint David's fort,
And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tow'r,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
And see the country's products, in exchange,

320

330

Before them heap'd; cotton's transparent webs,
Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs, 340
Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiseshell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our drap'ries are dispers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream
Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;
And late-discover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought
To threadless drap'ry, which in conic forms, 350
Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.

The keels, which voyage through Molucca's straits,
Amid a cloud of spicy odors, sail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd;
While gracious nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er ev'ry region pours. 360

NEAR those delicious isles, the beauteous coast
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of trade, that ever-flow'ry shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;

Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
 Now the tall glossy tow'rs of porcelane,
 And pillar'd pagods shine; rejoic'd they see
 The port of Canton op'ning to their prows,
 And in the winding of the river moor.

370

UPON the strand they heap their glossy bales,
 And works of Birmingham in brass or steel,
 And flint, and pond'rous lead from deep cells rais'd,
 Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,
 That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn mast:
 These, from the artists of the fleece, procure
 Various materials; and, for affluent life,
 The flavour'd thea and glossy painted vase?
 Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
 In temp'rance us'd, delectable and good.
 They too from hence receive the strongest thread
 Of the green filkworm. Various is the wealth
 Of that renown'd and antient land, secure
 In constant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
 Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars,
 Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
 And rock, and shady dale; ev'n on the waves
 Of copious rivers, lakes, and bord'ring seas,
 Rise floating villages; no wonder; when,
 In ev'ry province, firm and level roads,
 And long canals, and navigable streams,
 Ever, with ease, conduct the works of toil

380

390

To fure and speedy markets, through the length
Of many a crouded region, many a clime,
To the imperial tow'rs of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon slow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Ruffic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's num'rous regions, waste and wild, 400
Journey immense! which, to th' attentive ear,
The muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

FROM the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
The wat'ry feat of desolation wide,
Issue these treading caravans, and urge,
Through dazling snows, their dreary trackless road;
By compass steering oft, from week to week,
From month to month; whole seasons view their toils.
Neva they pass, and Kefma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone, 410
Threat'ning in vain; and many a cataract,
In its fall stopp'd, and bound with bars of ice.

CLOSE on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual frost; and on the right
The Caspian lake, and ever-flow'ry realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are destin'd to the sword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot

Thick strown; while, in their rough bewilder'd vales, 420
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

SOMETIMES o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
The gen'rous horse conveys the sons of trade;
And ever and anon the docile dog;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes; now slow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds 430
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the rising moon, through wat'ry mists:
Tobol, th'abode of those unfortunate
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where carl, and prince,
Soldier, and statesman, and uncrested chief,
On the dark level of adversity,
Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,
Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks 440
Of trade are kindled: trade arises oft,
And virtue, from adversity and want:
Be witness, Carthage, witness, ancient Tyre,
And thou, Batavia, daughter of distress.
This, with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves

The flexile willow; that the matted drives :
All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan 450
Through lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,
And yellow tillages in op'ning woods :
Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathless road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex ;
Land of the lazy Ostiaks, thin dispers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miserable tribe,
Void of commercial comforts : who, nor corn,
Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enliv'ning wine,
Know to procure; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share, 460
Nor social aid : beneath their thorny bed
The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks,
And azure mountains; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding craggs
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous streams
Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jenisca, swift,
Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave 470
Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

THESE rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
A new scene strikes their eyes : among the clouds

Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work ; that matchless work of art,
The wall of Sina, by CHIHONAM's pow'r,
In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire ; tow'rs and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift their brows
At equal spaces, and in prospect 'round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.

480

At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep vaulted gates, whose op'ning folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glitt'ring spires,
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.

Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of steadfast earth ; for so
Fabled antiquity, ere peaceful trade
Inform'd the op'ning mind of curious man.

490

Now to the other hemisphere, my muse,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnassus, the unweary'd toils
Of industry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.

HAPPY the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active RALEGH made, and great the joy,

500

When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,
A rising coast, for future colonies,
Op'ning her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labor: thither, from the wrongs
Of lawless rule, the free-born spirit flies;
Thither affliction, thither poverty,
And arts and sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind.

510

BUT joy superior far his bosom warms,
Who views those shores in ev'ry culture dress'd;
With habitations gay, and num'rous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various states, pow'rful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
Of Indians, antient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new desires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er ev'ry dale.

520

YE, who the shuttle cast along the loom,
The filkworm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,

Nor slight the green savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields
Up springs the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?

530

FERTILE Virginia, like a vig'rous bough,
Which overshrades some crystal river, spreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
The fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts
The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feath'ry ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
Blush, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
Seek easy habitations, void of care:
The sons of nature, with astonishment,
And detestation, mark your evil deeds:
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

540

550

SEE the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Massachuset, happy in those arts,
That join the politics of trade and war,

Bearing the palm in either; they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beech of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fish amid the parching winds :
The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth, 560
And frize of Cambria, worn by those, who seek,
Through gulphs and dales of Hudfon's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
While winter's frosty rigor check's approach,
Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
(If ye, the travell'd sons of commerce, know,)
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy 570
Warm beams of Poæbus, and, supine, behold
The plains and hillocks blush with clust'ring vines.

MUST it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty labor drain their gusty lakes,
Enlarge the bright'ning sky, and, peopling, warm
The op'ning vallies, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific ev'ry joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles 580
Num'rous and large? Have they not harbours calm,

Inhabitants, and manners? happy, too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course
By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and the Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise.

390

Proud Buenos Aires, low-couch'd Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The lab'ring vessel: neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye advent'rous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'Twas there
Perils and conflicts inexpressible

600

ANSON, with steady undespairing breast,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd
His country's foes. Fast-gath'ring tempests rous'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Descending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyss;

And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
Toss'd of the sky-mixt surges. Oft the burst 610
Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas
Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts;
While flames, thick-flashing, in the gloom reveal'd
Ruins of decks and shrouds, and sighs of death.

YET on he far'd, with fortitude his chear,
Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by op'ning clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threat'ning Staten-lands o'erhanging shore, 620
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Posture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd
On Offa, and on Offa's tott'ring head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.

AT length, through ev'ry tempest, as some branch,
Which from a p'lar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet reascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth through the vallies; so his way he won 630
To the serene Pacific, flood immense,
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.

THEN Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To shew humanity and continence,

To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence: although the far-stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause; though fell disease, 640
Un'bating labor, tedious time, conspir'd,
And heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the world,
Deny'd all hospitable land or port;
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyss, whereon
To drop the fast'ning anchor; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, subdu'd by toil extreme;
Though solitary left in Tinian's seas,
Where never was before the dreadful sound 650
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes.

REJOICE, ye nations, vindicate the sway
Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
By ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,
The armed host, and murd'ring sword of war, 660
And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her solemn compacts, in the lust of rule:

Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye swains;
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares. 670
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift, bestows; a day will come,
When, through new channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anian's streights to proud Japan;
And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the sailors chart:
Then every variation shall be told 680
Of the magnetic steel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.

THAT portion too of land, a tract immense,
Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
And new plantations on its coast arise.
Then rigid winter's ice no more shall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the soft fleece shall ev'ry-where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting muse shall then, in vigor fresh,

BOOK IV. THE FLEECE.

115

Her flight renew. Mean while, with weary wing, 690
O'er ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flow'ry vales, her old delight,
The shepherd's haunts, where the first springs arise
Of Briton's happy trade, now spreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe. 696

F I N I S.



GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!

Who, the purple evening, lie

On the mountain's lonely van,

Beyond the noise of busy man,

Painting fair the form of things,

While the yellow linet sings ;

Or the tuneful nightingale

Charms the forest with her tale ;

Come with all thy various hues,

Come, and aid thy sister Muse ;

Now while Phœbus riding high

Gives lustre to the land and sky !

Grongar Hill invites my song,

Draw the landskip bright and strong ;

Grongar, in whose mossy cells

Sweetly-musing Quiet dwells ;

Grongar, in whose silent shade,

For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the even still,

At the fountain of a rill,

Sate upon a flow'ry bed,

With my hand beneath my head ;

And strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
'Till contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day :
Wider and wider spreads the vale ;
As circles on a smooth canal :
The mountains round, unhappy fate !
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise :
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below !
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow !
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
 Proudly tow'ring in the skies!
 Rushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence ascending fires!
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads!
 Gilds the fleeces of the flocks:
 And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes:
 The gloomy pine, the pop'lar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew,
 The slender fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
 And beyond the purple grove,
 Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
 Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds and charms the wand'ring eye!
 Deep as his feet in Towy's flood,
 His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,
 And ancient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below;
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps;

So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss and weeds,
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;

Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's fate,
Ey'd thro' hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, and brown, and rough appear;

Grafs and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Still we tread the fame coarfe way,
The present's ftill a cloudy day.

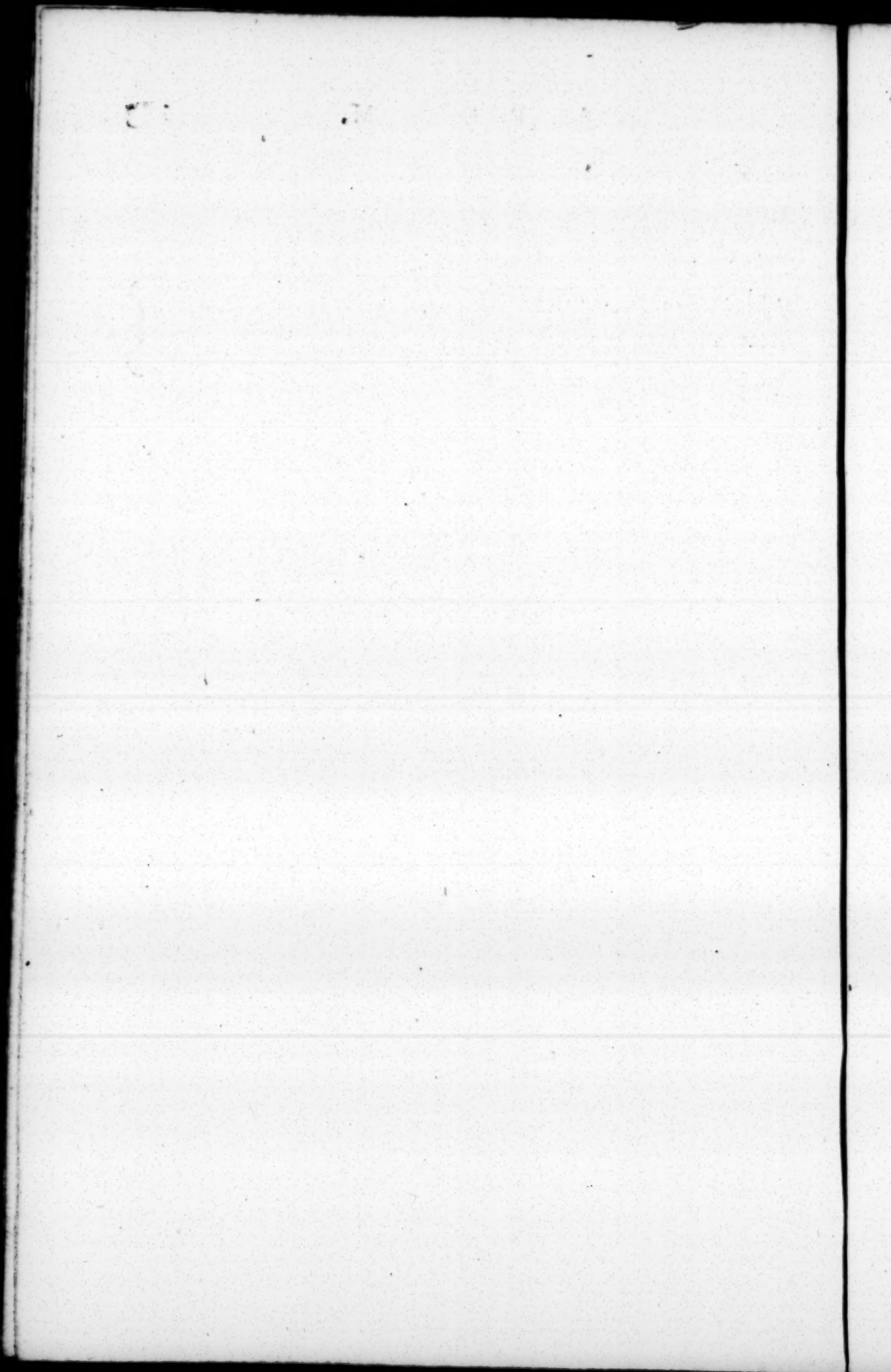
O may I with myfelf agree,
And never covet what I fee:
Content me with an humble fhade,
My paffions tam'd, my wifhes laid;
For while our wifhes wildly roll,
We banifh quiet from the foul:
'Tis thus the bufy beat the air;
And mifers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr fings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the fhepherd charms his fheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with mufic fill the fky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts, be great who will;
Search for peace with all your fkill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor,
In vain you fearch, fhe is not there;

In vain ye search the domes of care !
Along with Peace close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side :
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

}



T H E
R U I N S of R O M E,
A
P O E M.

*Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vasta theatra situ :
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas ?*

Janus Vitalis

E NOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt,
I fung inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud antiquity, thro' various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waste,

Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;
To the resistless theme, imperial Rome.

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;
Ev'n yet majestic: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,
Like broken rocks a vast circumference;
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifted moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisc,
Immense along the waste; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immense LEVIATHAN
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Out-stretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears,
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Grey-mould'ring temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unvell, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clefted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft

At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
 Aghast the voice of time, disparting tow'rs,
 Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
 Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon:
 While murmurs soothe each awful interval
 Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile (a),
 Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
 And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks,
 Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
 The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet here advent'rous in the sacred search
 Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
 Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
 Grateful society! with these I raise,
 The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
 Through spiry cypress groves, and tow'ring pine,
 Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
 On num'rous arches rear'd; and frequent stopp'd,
 The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
 Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
 Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb,
 Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
 And all beneath the vales and hills around,
 Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
 As the Sibylline grot beside the dead

(a) Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence, over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glitt'ring waves with tuneful lapse,
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean opHITE, and the flow'ry vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And vases boss'd and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,
Chearing the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mould'ring shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green and wide-embow'ring shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding tow'rs;
A solemn wilderness! With error sweet,
I wind the ling'ring step, where-e'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,

Terrific, monstrous shapes! prepost'rous Gods,
Of Fear and Ign'rance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worship'd; as ev'n now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths (b)
In varried appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth in dark'ning error fall'n)
At length ascrib'd th' INAPPLICABLE NAME.

How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see,
Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; uprais'd,
His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And eloquence arrays him. There behold
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands

(b) Several statues of the Pagan Gods have been converted into images of saints.

In fearful expectation of the strife,
 And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
 Fall on each others neck in silent tears;
 In sorrowful benevolence embrace —
 Howe'er they soon unsheath'd the flashing sword,
 Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
 The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
 Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
 Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd;
 Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd
 The Scipio's battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
 So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
 Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
 Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
 And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
 Of these fall'n piles with shew of sad decay
 Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
 The fate alone of matter.——Now the brow
 We gain enraptur'd; beauteously distinct (c)
 The num'rous porticos and domes upswell,
 With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
 And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
 Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
 Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
 Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plain:

(c) From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
 Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
 Lucid Ilyssus, weeps her silent schools,
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
 Amid the tow'ry ruins, huge, supreme,
 Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
 Mountainous pile ! o'er whose capacious womb
 Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
 While from the central floor the seats ascend
 Round above round, slow-wid'ning to the verge,
 A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
 Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
 When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
 And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
 Before th' innumerable shouting croud
 The fiery, maddened, tyrants of the wilds,
 Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
 And desp'rate men, more fell. Abhor'd intent!
 By frequent converse with familiar death,
 To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
 To lock the breast, and steal th' obdurate heart
 Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
 Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
 Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
 Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd (d)

(d) *The Capitol.*

In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cruzelean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round sun ascends; and tow'r'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerable
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Dark'ning their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too prosp'rous Israel from his living strength.

And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace,
Before its ample orb, projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal; noblest work
Of human skill: here, curious architect,
If thou assay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first

Boasted their order which Callimachus
 (Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
 Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
 Thinly conceal'd, the chapter informed.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
 One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
 Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
 And there the temple, where the summon'd state (e)
 In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
 The veh'ment orator in rent attire
 Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;
 And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
 That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
 Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke
 The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abash'd,
 Self-betray'd Catiline! O liberty,
 Parent of happiness, celestial born;
 When the first man became a living soul,
 His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
 With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
 Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
 Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
 Whose bosom kindle at the sacred names
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham and Drake.

(e) *The temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.*

May others more delight in tuneful airs;
 In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
 Give with superior skill the living look;
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
 With warmer touch the visionary board:
 But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
 To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
 To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace
 And various blessings of ingenious trade.
 Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
 Ever defend thee with undaunted heart,
 Inestimable good; who giv'st us Truth,
 Array'd in ev'ry charm: whose hand benign
 Teaches unwearied toil to clothe the fields,
 And on his various fruits inscribes the name
 Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
 By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
 And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
 And Libya bright, and all enchanting Greece,
 Whose num'rous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
 Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
 (Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
 And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
 Rear'd up her tow'ry battlements in strength;
 Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
 Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
 Devoted to the voice of hmbler pray'r;

And thine those piles undeck'd, capacious, vast, (f)
 In days of dearth where tender Charity
 Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
 Thine too those musically-falling founts
 To flake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
 Musical ever; while from yon blue hills
 Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
 Turn their innumerable arches o'er
 The spacious desert, bright'ning in the sun,
 Proud and more proud, in their august approach:
 High, o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
 Glide the soft whisp'ring waters in the wind,
 And here united pour their silver streams
 Among the figur'd rocks, in murm'ring falls,
 Musical ever. These thy beauteous works;
 And what beside felicity could tell
 Of human benefit: more late the rest;
 At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
 When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to sinile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome (g)
 Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
 With arms and tropies gleam'd the field of Mars:
 There to their daily sports the noble youth
 Rush'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
 To vault the steed; or with the kindling wheel

(f) *The public grannaries.*

(g) *Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.*

In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
 Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
 Strong grappling arms, clos'd heads, and distant feet;
 Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
 Their ardent virtues: lo the bossy piles,
 The proud triumphal arches: all their wars,
 Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
 And see from ev'ry gate those ancient roads,
 With tombs high-verg'd the solemn paths of Fame:
 Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
 Such crouds have roll'd, so many storms of war!
 Such trains of consuls, tribunes, sages, kings!
 So many pomps! so many wond'ring realms!
 Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
 In even state, to distant seas around,
 They stretch their pavements. Lo the fane of Peace,
 Built by that prince, who to the trust of pow'r (b)
 Was honest, the delight of human kind.
 Three nodding isles remain; the rest an heap
 Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
 And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
 As from a shining sea, majestic rose
 An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
 Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
 Charming the mimic painter: on the walls

(b) Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
 And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
 By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
 Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
 Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
 Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
 Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides (i)
 The mould'ring wall, behold yon fabric huge,
 Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
 And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
 Like Sybil's leaves, collects the builder's name
 Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
 The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls, (k)
 Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
 Sink in comparifon, minute and vile.

These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
 Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
 On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged fides,
 Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
 After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
 Naumachios, Forums: Trajan's column tall,
 From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,

(i) *The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.*

(k) *The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.*

And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,
Its hero to the skies : and his dark tow'r (l)
Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd doom; (m)
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
Amid the thickets : so revolves the scene;
So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
Of mould'ring urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
Requies his pow'r; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.-----There is a mood,

(l) *Nero's.*(m) *The Palatin library.*

(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently wak'ning call to health and ease.
How musical !. when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy !
Cool ev'ning comes; the setting sun displays
His visible great round between yon tow'rs,
As through two shady cliffs; away, my Muse,
Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and ev'ry realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low

Plain wall remains; a little fun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild: the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof; the gourd and olive fan
Their am'rous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his lawrels grew;
Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who so well inspir'd
Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! Then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose to tune th'ennobling rhyme
Melodious; ev'n the rugged sons of war,
Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours——
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother: since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain.—

See'st thou yon fane? ev'n now incessant time (n)
 Sweeps her low mould'ring marbles to the dust;
 And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
 Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
 'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
 Th' astonish'd swains with rev'rend awe beheld
 Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
 Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
 Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
 Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs:
 So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed
 Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
 The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,
 Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
 Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
 And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
 Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
 Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
 Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
 Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
 Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
 Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
 And gath'ring swains; and rolls his yellow car
 To Neptune's court with more majestic train.
 Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around

(n) *The temple of Romulus and Remus under mount Palatin.*

Jealous; yet soon by wond'rous virtue won,
 They sink into her bosom. From the plough
 Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
 Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
 For then no private pomp, no household state,
 The public only swell'd the gen'rous breast.
 Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
 How Manlius fav'd the capitol? the choice
 Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
 Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
 Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
 Yet unimagin'd — Shine not all the fields
 With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
 Along the flow'ry vallies? They, content,
 Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,
 Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought
 To know their duties; that their only strife,
 Their gen'rous strife, and greatly to perform.
 They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
 Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
 The thunder of the battle they return'd
 Back on his Punic shores; 'till Carthage fell,

And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils : alas prosperity !
Ah baneful state ! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures ; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and ferv'rish thirst of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her rusty shield ; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart ;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
Which seven brave years beneath the doubtful wing
Of vict'ry, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war : the Roman arms
Triumph'd, 'till Fame was silent of their foes.

And now, the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud security : the crested helm,
The plated greave and corselet hung embrac'd ;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glitt'ring trophy to the wind.

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
'Till ev'ry sun annoys, and ev'ry wind
Has chilling force, and ev'ry rain offends :
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
Laughs at the winter storm, and summer beam,
Superior to their rage : enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore

To painful feeling: flow'ry bow'rs they seek
(As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)
Or cool Nymphæan grotts; or tepid baths
(Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
The lawny vale, of ev'ry beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseat air with fond expence:
Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while luxury
Over their naked limbs, with wanton hand,
Shed roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of volupt'ousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The criton board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
To slake Patrician thirst: for these, their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come, the market throngs.

But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
 Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
 He be the monarch of the state; and lo
 Didius, vile us'rer, through the croud he mounts, (o)
 Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
 And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.
 O Britons, O my countrymen, beware,
 Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
 Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny how'er
 Deign'd to walk forth awhile in pageant state,
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
 The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
 Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
 Immortal Cæsar! lo, a God, a God,
 He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar mean while
 Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
 Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
 Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
 To dogs and sycophants: a God, a God!
 The flow'ry shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
 Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names!
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all

(o) *Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.*

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Their domes, their villa's; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease and luxury! O luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulph where Ashur lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of earth, imperial ROME.



T H E E N D.

